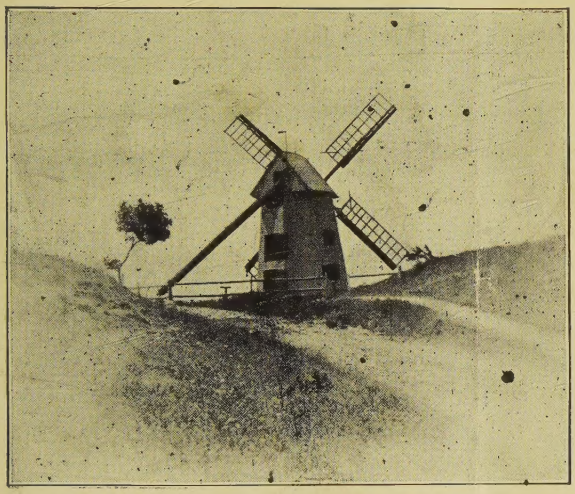
THE NEW UNITARIAN

JULY, 1906



NANTUCKET WIND MILL

Summer

Meetings

Number

Nantucket

and

Isles of

Shoals

STAR ISLAND ROCKS

OUR NATIONAL SOCIETIES

With headquarters in the building of the American Unitarian Association, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Local offices at 104 East 20th Street, New York City; 175 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.; and 374 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal.

The American Unitarian Association

Founded in 1825

The chief missionary organization of the Unitarian Churches of America. It supports missionaries, establishes and maintains churches, holds conventions, aids in building meeting-houses publishes books, tracts and devotional works.

Address correspondence to the Secretary, Rev. Charles E. St. John.
Address contributions to the Treasurer, Francis H. Lincoln, Esq.
Publication Agent, Mr. C. L. Stebbins.

Unitarian Sunday-School Society

Founded in 1827

Maintained by the Unitarian churches to promote religious and moral education. Publishes manuals and tracts, issues a Sunday-school paper, holds conventions, carries on a book room. Branch at 175 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

President, Rev. Edward A Horton.
Treasurer, Mr. Richard C. Humphreys.
Superintendent of Book-room, Mr. Philip C. McMurdie.

National Alliance of Unitarian Women

Organized in 1890

Promotes the local organization of the women of the Unitarian churches for missionary and denominational work.

Address correspondence to the Clerk, Miss Florence Everett.
Address contributions to the Treasurer, Mrs. Charles T. Catlin.

Young People's Religious Union

Organized in 1896

Promotes the organization of the young people of the Unitarian churches for "Truth, Worship and Service."

Address correspondence to the Secretary, Miss Emily B. Osborn.
Address contributions to the Treasurer, Mr. William G. Harrington.

THE NEW UNITARIAN

JULY, 1906

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THE UNITARIAN MEETING-HOUSE

THE NEW UNITARIAN

Vol. I. JULY, 1906 No. 7

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Entered as second-class matter January 17, 1906, at the post office at Sidney, New York, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

AT its annual meeting in May the American Unitarian Association passed this resolution:—

Resolved, That, recognizing the unique opportunity for forward movement in the work of our Association, the delegates pledge our churches to the effort of raising $150,000 during the coming year for the purposes of the American Unitarian Association, and that a committee of seven be appointed to co-operate with the officers of the Association in the endeavor.

That has the right sound: but does it actually mean business? Resolutions generally express opinions rather than accomplish ends. What delegates attending an annual meeting may easily "resolve upon" must obtain its final significance in what congregations actually do.

But here is the opportunity and the challenge,—one hundred and fifty thousand dollars for more Unitarian power in the world. This is not the time of the year in which collections are taken, or contributions urged; but this is the time of the year when ministers especially do much of their thinking and planning for next season; and to a larger degree than many ministers will confess, the issue lies in their hands. We might easily point out significant cases where the comparative giving-standard of neighboring churches is essentially the measure of the zeal of the respective pastors. Think it out clearly, this summer, brethren, how can we all conspire to make a year of exceptional material progress, a time of exceptional forward movement for our missionary cause?

Religious consolidation is in the air. Our near-of-kin, the Congregationalists, are completing an act of union with two other bodies, the Methodist Protestants and the United Brethren, with most wholesome unanimity and lack of fric-

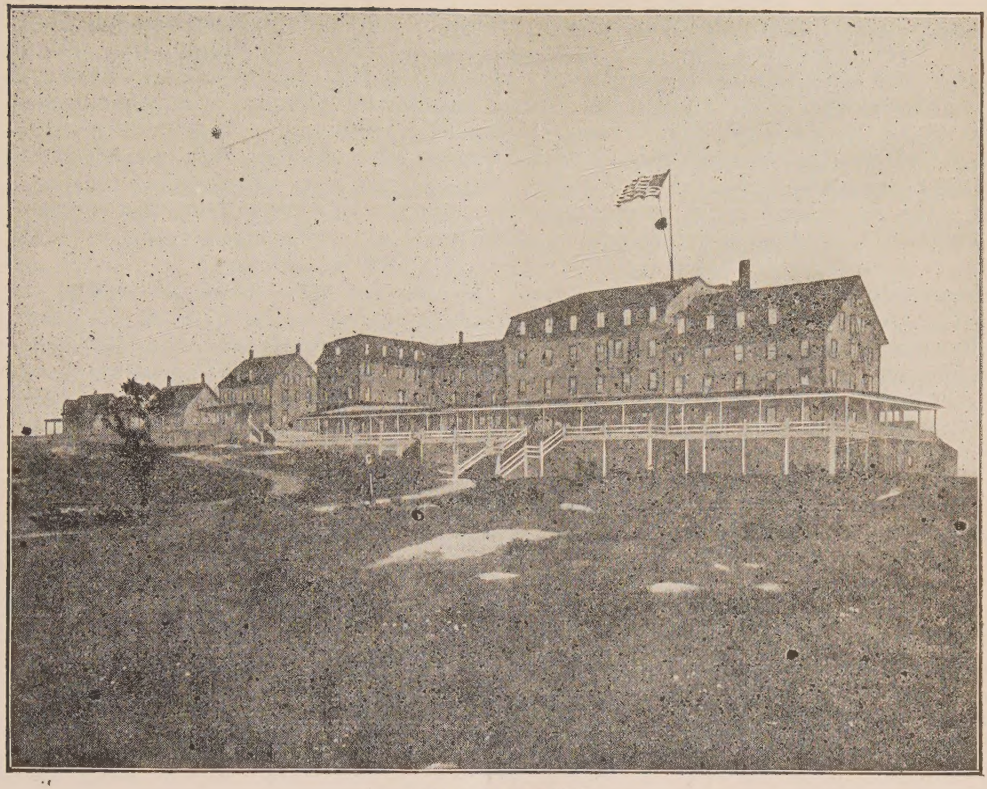
tion; while the Presbyterian and the Cumberland Presbyterian churches have also compassed an efficient union, though not without some acrimonious dissention on the part of a stout minority amongst the smaller body. We congratulate our friends of either household of faith on this triumph of common sense and spiritual, as well as material, sagacity. Difficulties which might easily have seemed insuperable were forced to give away; no sacrifice of principles was anywhere involved, and the efficient strength of both bodies is undeniably augmented.

It is interesting to note that precisely the obstacles which seem to prevent the closer union of Unitarians and Universalists were present in both cases. Theological distinctions were shadowy but in the minds of some conservatives not negligible. There were the embarrassments of endowed funds, and separate denominational trust establishments; there was the brooding sense of different "social constituencies," and "peculiar mission"; there was clinging affection for names and traditions, and pride of past distinction. Yet,—amalgamation in both these cases has come about. Why not?

It was our privilege to attend the graduating exercises at Meadville, a short time ago. We congratulate that institution and our denomination on the year's output. A group of earnest, keen-minded, strong-souled champions for truth, are ready for active service, one only amongst them planning to devote another year to study. The Meadville School was certainly never in better condition than now; its teaching force is efficient, alert, and distinctively modern in temper and training; but more than that, the *esprit de corps* of the school is tonic and stimulative of a notably virile type of scholarship. Of course the school needs more endowment. There is immediate demand for an increase of funds for adequate instruction, one chair at least being absurdly underendowed. What better investment for our cause than one that makes for more efficiency of our ministerial body?

It is good to see the *Pacific Unitarian* again. Full of plucky optimism, it comes to tell its good story of things sorely afflicting, but triumphantly met by a faith-possessed people. The prompt generosity of George H. Ellis in putting the press of the *Christian Register* at the services of our San Francisco friends was strikingly characteristic. Mr. Ellis is always doing such things: and if editorial matter had to cross a continent to get from editor to publisher, it was all "neighboring country" from water's edge to water's edge; the friends of editor and publishers live all the way between. We congratulate Bro. Stone and his co-workers upon this re-appearance in the journalistic field. They have had some stalwart things to do, of late, besides newspaper work, and right royally they have been done. So much the greater satisfaction now in seeing our Pacific contemporary again on our table.

We devote considerable space this month to our Summer Meetings, because we very much believe in them as a factor in our developing church life. They bring people from various churches together in close intimacy for their little season; give them inspiring themes to think about; stimulate the loyalty of togetherness, and give some of our younger ministers a chance to be known and heard by a larger constituency than is possible in the home church; which is all very much worth while.



THE OCEANIC

Our Summer Meetings

THE "Camp-meeting" is not a function of established Unitarian activity. Religious emotionalism, excitement, and physical demonstration of spiritual fervor, associated in earlier days with these out-of-doors gatherings, lie quite out-side our accepted range of experience. When the Wiers Unitarian Grove meetings were projected about twenty-five years ago pains were taken to prevent mistake of identity of two very diverse methods of using the summer opportunity. Our meetings were held in camp-meeting grounds but they were not *Camp*-meetings; they were *Grove*-meetings.

Of course nobody made any mistake about it. Our people came together on an errand genuinely religious, though much of the social element entered also. The meetings were decorous, quiet, even dignified in the true sense of the word, but they were inherently devotional, inspiring, rich in incentives of the spirit.

THE WIERS MEETINGS.

And those Wiers meetings were delightful meetings from the start. We remember them with keen relish of memory, having our first experience of them as we graduated from Divinity School. We recall little of their history, but suspect that Dr. S. C. Beane had very much to do with their inception. Surely his hearty spirit of good fellowship was always a potent factor in their maintainence, as was the directing skill

of Rev. George M. Bodge, their efficient secretary. For many years these meetings on Lake Winnipesaukee were most popular, and able speakers from all over the country shared in their programs.

But one or two consecutive hot seasons gave the place a bad reputation for heat, and the distance from Boston and other large cities was considerable, so that the time of their pre-eminent success passed.

ISLES OF SHOALS.

Meanwhile Mr. Thomas C. Elliott, then President of the North Middlesex Conference and always a devoted layman amongst us, conceived of the idea of gathering together a company of our people within reach of ocean breezes, and found at the Isles of Shoals a spot peculiarly adapted to such ends. Rev. D. M. Wilson, then New England Superintendent, was interested in the venture and also Rev. George W. Stone, then Treasurer of the A. U. A., and the first season of "The Isles of Shoals Summer Meetings" was held nine years ago this summer, with conspicuous success. On the first year's program appeared many of our strongest men, and both the Oceanic and the Appledore were taxed to their utmost to accommodate the company that came.

Every year since that time, the meetings have been held, never without a large company and an inspiring program. In fact it would be hard to find a man conspicuous in our denomination for any kind of service who has not some time taken part.

The plan of the meetings has always been most simple, and the presence of the stone chapel has made it inevitable that the devotional element should always be prominent. Indeed, it is the general comment of people coming to the meetings that while more prominent men give the more formal addresses in the Music Hall, morning and evening, it is the simpler services at the chapel, beginning and ending the day, that have rendered most abiding satisfaction: have fixed the "Shoals quality" upon the meetings in unique distinction.

There has been little fluctuation in the attendance at these meetings, the usual number being about three hundred and fifty. At different seasons a somewhat different range of topic has been adopted:—at one time religious history, at another bible-study, at another sociological interests, etc.; but never a rigid scheme, always flexibility, spontaneity and a certain tone of fine informality, and never a departure from the serious purpose of religious inspiration and spiritual refreshment.

In 1901 was introduced the custom of giving one day to the Y. P. R. U., and having representatives of the National Women's Alliance on the committee. In 1902 was introduced, at the suggestion of Rev L. C. Cornish, the "candle-light service" which has proved so satisfying. At every session since the beginning the present president, Mr. Thomas C. Elliott, has been actively in the service, and to his loyalty a considerable part of the unremitting success of the meetings is due. Perhaps no small element in the value of these meetings has been the interest and constant attendance of Mrs. Marean, of the *Christian Register*, whose characteristically charming reports published in the *Boston Transcript* and other papers have extended not only the vogue but the actual inspiration of the meetings through her extended story of their happenings.

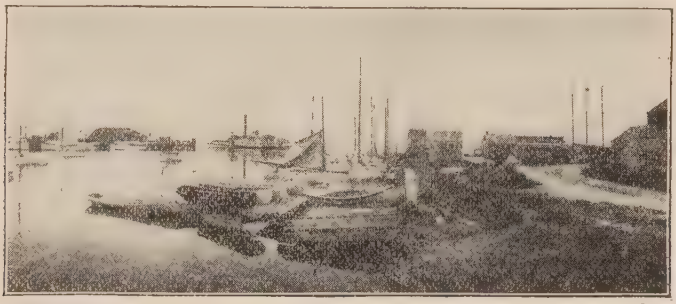
NANTUCKET.

The Nantucket Summer Meetings are of younger growth; the first series was held in 1901, a committee consisting of the New England Field Secretary of the A. U. A., the local pastor at Nantucket, the Secretary of the Channing Conference, and other neighboring friends, having them in charge. Nantucket offered a peculiarly inviting opportunity for summer meetings in the fact that we have a well-established church there and a considerable summer colony. At the Shoals every one who attends goes for the precise purpose of the meetings. At Nantucket we find a population already friendly and waiting to greet us. While the outside attendance at Nantucket, therefore, has never yet equalled that of the Shoals meetings, the actual congrega-

tions have always been as large, if not larger, and the missionary opportunity much more marked.

As to the delightfulness of their location who shall fitly speak? Nantucket has a quaint charm nowhere else to be matched; and the fine old meeting-house on Orange Street has an atmosphere of insistent religion, radically different from that of the romantic stone chapel on Star Island, but none the less pervasive. The Nantucket meetings are held only on alternate years; their programs are less formal even than those of the Shoals, often many of the same speakers and not a few of the same people attend both sets of meetings as they follow immediately one after the other.

Both groups of meetings will have doubtless many years yet of growing success. They present a phase of religion singularly congenial to our liberal faith. Simple, unaffected, quiet, frankly social and recreative, yet earnest, reverent, kindling of enthusiasm and provocative of "togetherness", and loyalty amongst our people, they bring together out of scattered congregations an increasing company of those who come to realize that larger congregation which embraces us all.



The Ministers' Institute.

The programme for the next session, the first week in October, is almost completed. In large measure this session will be given to a discussion by our own men of our own intimate problems in our work and our thinking. The exceptional opportunity for free and frank discussion which we will have by reason of being housed so commodiously makes such a meeting highly desirable. Many of the meetings at this session can be made to have all the advantages that the Berry Street Conference has. Members are urged to come with the determination that the session shall be fruitful in the best results. The session will be what you make it. Especially are men urged to come prepared to take part in the discussion of books. These discussions will be wholly informal. But the consideration of books will be a prominent feature of the programme. The following are suggested as books that are profitable reading: Hoffding's "Philosophy of Religion" and "Problems of Philosophy," N. Schmidt's "Prophet of Nazareth," Wernle's "Beginnings of Christianity," Weinel's "Paul," Hermann's "Outlines of Apologetics," Foster's "Finality of the Christian Religion" Lloyd Morgan's "Interpretation of Nature," Wood's "The Spirit of God in Biblical Literature," Pfleiderer's "Christian Origins." Discussion is to be purely voluntary. Any book for which no one volunteers will not be taken up. The more formal part of the programme will be announced soon.

Henry Hallam Saunderson,
Secretary-Treasurer.

Does Goodness Pay?

BY REV. W. HANSON PULSFORD

If he could doubt on His triumphant cross,
How much more I, in the defeat and loss
Of seeing all my selfish dreams fulfilled,
Of having lived the very life I willed,
Of being all that I desired to be.
My God, My God! Why hast thou forsaken me?

In the letter to the Galatians we read, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." There we have a statement of the law. Is it true?

That has been one of the great questions in all the history of humanity.

Translating it into the commonest and simplest language I know, we ask, "Does goodness pay?" and in many times and places and moods, I think we are apt to say, "I don't know." But in high moments and when we judge by high standards, I think we can say that it does.

It is an ancient question. That old world poem of Job deals with it. Goodness doesn't pay. Job was just, generous and upright, and calamity overtook him, calamity of the worst sort, until in his misery his wife bade him curse God and die, and the friends who came to help stayed to heap upon him all manner of accusations, arguing that such calamity could not have happened to him in a world where God was just unless he had done wrong. As he reasserts with emphasis his own integrity, they insist more and more that he is mistaken, that a just man is never so treated by the Eternal. The magnificence of the book is that it stands quietly by the facts without giving an answer. The facts are as stated. I have no explanation, the author says. God is good and a just man sometimes reaps all the suffering which we have been inclined to connect with iniquity of the grossest kind, but I don't know why. It is because that book is so true, so utterly unwilling to give cheap answers, because it holds to the facts, that it is so great.

Then little by little men began to wonder whether the mistake was not in making a wrong connection between goodness and earthly reward. The reward of goodness perhaps is not health, prosperity, the approval of men, the applause of the crowd, success. So we come to another statement of the proposition which to me is quite as intolerable. Christianity has argued that if you are good this life may indeed bring you the things which ought to happen only to the evil or the unfortunate. This is to the good man a sad vale of tears. To be good is hard, difficult and disagreeable, likely often to involve consequences which you thought ought only to come to the evil. Then they solve the question by throwing eternity into the scales. They say, in the hereafter it will all be made right, if you are a good man. The chances are things will go ill with you as far as anything which this world brings, but wait and see. Through all eternity, the good things which you missed all your earthly life because of your goodness shall be made up to you in infinite measure.

Such other-worldliness came to be a libel on the very name of goodness, until Watts could write—I almost hesitate to quote it here in a place where we are accustomed to a different atmosphere—

"What bliss will fill the ransomed souls,
When they in glory dwell,
To see the sinner as he rolls
In quenchless flames of hell."

That is a direct quotation from a Christian hymn book, and I have given you the name of the author. They were forced by the difficulty of the question to throw an infinite counterweight over against the facts of life. They admitted that if you take this life as it is, goodness does not pay. It is better to be bad than to be good as far as this limited experience is concerned.

You may have pleasure and fun and enjoyment and bright, keen, eager life at the cost of not being good, while if you are good you must choose a hard and disagreeable road. But when you die—well, if then you *could* quote the words of Watts' hymn, what is wrong is not that goodness has come to its reward, but that badness has, for the man to whom that vision means bliss may be "ransomed," but he is not what we usually call good. He is simply a bad man under another disguise. He has made a mistake of thinking that that was goodness which is not goodness.

To-day we have grown tolerably clear of both these old positions. I don't suppose that any of us are any longer so blind to the great facts of experience as to imagine that this universe is run upon the principle that if you are good you will have money, health, friends, success and the rest of the things which most men think constitute happiness. It sometimes follows and it sometimes does not follow. Goodness often appears to have very little to do with it. How bitter has often been the cry of those who have lost their loved ones. How could God take away a young, beautiful, stainless life like this of my son, and spare those out in the street about whom and about whose parents there is no trace of anything which is of benefit to the world? A question like that still arises, but as a whole we have got rid of the old position and say that what we call calamity may come largely independent of goodness or badness. The great teacher saw and stated that with perfect clearness "God sendeth his rain upon the just and upon the unjust." "Think you that those upon whom the tower in Siloam fell were offenders above all the men that dwell in Jerusalem? I tell you No!" The great order of the universe, in dealing out the external conditions of life, deals them out apparently with impartial hand. What has been sometimes called or thought of as evil comes wholly without regard to righteousness or its opposite. We are bound to look for some other answer to the problem, "Does goodness pay?"

Moreover, many of us, and the number grows, are not satisfied to shirk the question by accepting dogmatic statements as to the nature of the infinite hereafter. To refer the matter to the possible unknown beyond experience is not to answer it at all. The solution we seek must, if it is to satisfy us, be in terms of the known. We demand an answer to the question "Does goodness pay?" from the standpoint of life as it opens to present human experience.

I say yes. It pays in accordance with the law which I have read to you. The law says, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." You sow to the things of the spirit. You sow for kindliness and manhood and truth, and you reap kindliness and manhood and truth. The law doesn't say you will reap houses, money, cattle, friends, applause, or win eternal bliss beyond. It says "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." You sow for money and success and applause and reap money and success and applause. Now within very wide limits that law holds even as regards externals. You reap what you sow. You get largely what you seek. "Everyone that seeketh findeth." The great quality of life results when we aim high enough to be satisfied with the verdict. We don't like the law. It is not easy. We rather laugh at the statement that goodness is its own reward. If we are good God ought to throw in other rewards in addition. Where a man is bad, God, if he is a just God, ought not to make him so successful. This world is surely not a just world where the scamp prospers so, where, I think we may frankly admit it, the utterly unscrupulous politician outruns in his race for the things which he seeks a man of unsullied integrity. The liar "gets there" and the man who, because he is too scrupulous, hesitates about lying doesn't get there. Then we begin to think things are not just, that the world is not right. But who said that you would "get there" by telling the truth? Who said

that you would fail of success by lying or being unscrupulous? Not the law. The law says that you shall reap what you sow. It doesn't say you shall sow goodness and reap dollars, or that you shall sow honesty and reap political advancement, or lies and reap failure, or sow utterly selfish astuteness and reap disaster. What the law says is that you shall reap what you sow. Be astute and unscrupulous and clever, willing to do anything for selfish ends, and what do you get? You reap what you sow. You reap the fact that you are clever and astute and unscrupulous, and that you have set your heart on selfish ends. Then somehow we feel uneasy and say, "that isn't enough, such conduct ought to have further punishment," but the universe says, "No, leave such a man to me, that is punishment enough. The man reaps what he sows. I shall stand by that."

I take it in another way. We watch beautiful, earnest, conscientious souls, with whom things continually go wrong. We see that the smart crowd around them laugh at their simplicity, take advantage of their honesty, make the road a hard one for them. What does the law say? The law did not say they should have an easy road. The law did not say that the astute should not cheat them. The law did not say that loving high things would make them prosperous and successful, nor did it say the reverse. It said, "They will get the fruit of their sowing." The fruit of being kindly and simple and unselfish and generous. But is that enough? If God is just he ought to have given them friends and happiness and a sunny flower-strewn pathway, they were so good. The universe says, "No, I don't promise that. I have said they shall reap what they sow. I shall stand by that."

Are we willing to stand by it? When I come to ask that question I have to appeal from mine own to greater experiences. I have to ask the question of those who have known much about life and through their answer to dispel my own doubt, for their answer is one about which there is no hesitation. I read you one of the answers this morning. If you loved it and listened to it as I love and listen to it, it went home to you. A man who had lived for honor, truth and justice only, was after trial by his fellow-citizens condemned to death as a destroyer of religion and a corrupter of the youth. One who knew and loved him well tells us in the words I have read to you this morning how when the verdict was passed the old man stood up and said, "I am satisfied. I think that it is right. You have condemned me to death and you are going on your way just as you are, unable to know the light of righteousness and truth, and I am going my way condemned by you to death, but having stood by the high things of my own soul." He ought to know. He says "I am satisfied, I am content. It is just. I have reaped what I have sown. They, too, reap what they have sown. I abide by my award and they must abide by theirs."

Is it not great? Is it not true? Do you not feel as you read it that it is only the little man in you that ever doubts it? And if so be the great man in you comes to his own the great man can only say with Socrates, "Yes, it is all right. I would rather live as I have lived and love the things that I have loved, and hold to the high standards of my heart, and be the kind of man that I have been, than have heaped upon me all the rewards which might have come if I had been lower and meaner and more selfish." The great one to whom I have appealed says, "Yes, it is just, it is right, it is enough that a man shall reap what he sows."

I go to another. I go to the testimony of one who perhaps as well as any on earth knew the human heart, the man who wrote for us King Lear, and I look at the picture of life he draws for us. Cordelia would rather be true to her own simple sincerity, though it cost her all her father's love, than follow a lesser ideal, and the gods shower all the blessings on Regan and Goneril. The play takes you down where the shadows are

so deep that your heart cries. The end is a tragedy. Now we will suppose that Regan and Goneril had lived on in the enjoyment of what they sought, free from taint of crime, successful, prosperous, able to scoff at the folly of Cordelia and her old father. We will suppose it only to heighten and strengthen the case. Even then in your heart of hearts would you not rather have been Cordelia than either of the others, because far better to go down into the blackness of the shadow with her than to ease and prosperity with Regan or Goneril?

The older one grows the truer that is. The more it comes into one's soul that it were better even under those circumstances to reap the reward at any cost of having been true to the best that we know in ourselves, than to gain everything else at the price of unfaithfulness thereto.

I go back to Job. If any one knew the human heart as Shakespeare knew it, it was the author of that poem. We will suppose that Job had been left sleek and happy and prosperous, looking after his own comfort and getting it, cheating his neighbor where it was to his own advantage, taking care of himself rather than of the widow and the fatherless, or, on the other hand, that Job had been what he was, overwhelmed by calamity and yet able to say, "I will not surrender. I *have* been just," challenging God to deny it. When you are truly alive you have not any doubt which is best. You may doubt which you would have courage to choose, but you do not doubt which is best. You may know that there the law vindicates itself, what man sows he shall reap. It is better to sow honor and truth and kindliness and suffer with Job than to sow anything else and be with his friends.

Then I come to the great example of all, the peasant of Nazareth. He might have been successful. So great a man might easily have played for success and won. He might have allied himself with the formalists. He might have compromised with the religious men of his time. He might have come down to us with the paltry reputation of having been one of the most successful of the Pharisees. He deliberately took the other road, deliberately, with a quiet smile, walked into the hands of his enemies, and sent down the ages the statement, "What would it profit a man though he gained the whole world and ceased to be himself." He had his reward. What? Success? Applause? An easy time? No. He was crucified. Was that his reward? No. His reward was that he was true to himself. When you consider it as between yourself and your own heart, I do not say you would make that choice, I cannot say I would, but I do say with all my soul, "Would that I *might* so choose if it came to me." I know it were good for me to have sowed as he sowed toward the highest qualities of his nature, and even to have been crucified because of that would have been better than to have been any thing less on any other terms.

Now that is just what the law says. It does not say that if you live to your highest the road will be easy and sunny and full of laughter. It did not say to Jesus, if you only follow the high light of God in your soul you shall have glory of men. It says, No, you shall have but one thing. You shall have the fact of having been what it was in you to be, and those that crucify you for it have no other punishment except that they were those who crucified you. And the universe quietly accepts it and says, "I stand by that," and the greatest souls do stand by it, and feel that it is just.

What I am this morning trying to waken in your minds and mine is that only when we stand by it do we stand on sure ground. If you hold to high ideals for anything else on God's earth excepting that you desire to have the reward of having held to them you are in an unsafe place, and if you refrain from obeying something less simply because you may be punished for it, may be found out, or somebody may

attach blame and shame to you as a result, you are on unsafe ground. It might not happen. You might be a knave, and have the applause of the multitude. You might be a thief and acquire all that wealth can bring, and no one discover it. You might be a double-faced scoundrel and everybody think that you were a saint. The universe says, "Yes, but you would be a scoundrel. You would be a thief. You would be a man who had followed his lower instead of his higher life." We say, "Why, that isn't enough." Yes, it is. The universe says that is everything, that it is the only thing that matters and that is perfectly certain.

It seems to me that there I have vision of an infinitely just order, of that which is as unswerving as the courses of the stars. Moreover, it is in relation to that never-varying law that I have to live my life.

What a man sows he reaps. You may be what you will. You may choose high or low things as you will. You may choose the things which belong to your inner personal life, or you may choose the glamour and the glitter that comes from its external and empty adorning. Both are before you and you are free to choose. You ask, "Well, what are the terms?" The terms are merely that you sow what you reap, that if you set your heart on ease and wealth and applause your reward shall be that you are a man to whom life meant that he was a lover of wealth and ease and applause, and so lived. You say, "Well, what reward will be given me if I live the highest, if I dream great dreams and go through hard places for them?" Reward! Nothing but the fact of having so lived.

It seems to me that that is an honest statement of the facts. It is a statement on which I am prepared to rely, and with which day by day I grow more fully satisfied. That will never fail you. It is in the light of it, looking at life from this point of view, that out of the great soul of the past comes the counsel: Sow to the things of the spirit, for they alone are worth while. Sow to your own life. Sow to inner qualities. Sow toward realizing all that in you which can get above the external in life. Be alive. Lay hold of and realize the growing powers within you as you come to inherit the great life of God. You say, "What will I get?" As regards the things we most think of, I don't know what you will get. You may suffer calamity, you may meet apparent failure. Two of the greatest and truest souls who set their hearts on that end were rewarded, one of them, with a cup of poison, and the other with the cross. You may get the reverse, but neither is certain. "Well, but how can I act on such an uncertainty?" I say you need count on neither. There is only one thing you may be sure of, and that is that whatever the fates give to you, you will reap what you have sown. You will become quiet and strong and generous hearted, and conscious that you have lived for the highest that you know.

But is that enough? The great ones say that it is enough and more than enough. The universe rests on it and says that it is enough. The process toward things ahead relies upon it as upon a foundation of rock. You need not hurry to punish. You need not buttress virtue by artificial rewards. You need not try to reward her with money or honesty with applause, or to repress wickedness with obloquy, or dishonesty with jails. Dishonesty is enough for dishonesty. The low life is enough punishment for the low life. Truth is a sufficient reward for truth. To have been the best man you knew how to be is what God gives as his reward. It is absolutely sure, and, so far as I know, never a living soul that tried it but felt that it was just. What a man sows he shall reap. You may be foolish and shallow and a pleasure lover. You may run hither and thither after your own desires and caprices. I don't say, as our fathers did, that in the hereafter you will be punished for it. I don't say that you will bring upon your-

self the combined ill will of your fellows. I do not say that you will not get on and "have a good time." But from the heart of things where—

> "every morning far withdrawn
> God made himself an awful rose of dawn,"

comes the verdict that you reap the penalty of "having all your selfish dreams fulfilled." "Myself am hell," said another, who lived his life with no high memory in his heart to lessen the sting of being what he was. His was the hell "of being all that he desired to be"

What a man sows he reaps, and in the light of that inviolable certainty great souls say, "Sow for life, strive for life, live that you may be friends of great thoughts and high ideals and wide and deep feelings and generous ambitions, and power to hold to the great road that the best in you has chosen. Moreover do so, not because God will then give you the pleasant things men seek, nor because thereby you gain some far-off heaven beyond the grave, but because you will discover that everything else is only tinsel and gilt, and that so to live is gold, is the true elixir, is the divine experience of having become the child of the great life of God and known its freedom and its strength.

Invocation.

BY REV ALEXANDER T. BOWSER

The week is done: 'tis Sunday now,
And we before his presence bow
  Whose might sustains us day by day,
  Whose love controls our onward way.

Our Father, bless thy children here,
And let us never yield to fear,
  Though hard the weary way we tread,
  And dark the heavens overhead.

Thou art the centre of our life,
Our peace in pain, our strength in strife;
  Thou art the fount of hope within,
  Our shield from danger and from sin.

In all the cares and toils of earth,
Whether in sorrow or in mirth,
  Thy Spirit be our guide, we pray,—
  Thy Truth and Love our light and stay. Amen.

"Men think there are circumstances when one may deal with human beings without love, and there are no such circumstances. One may deal with things without love; one may cut down trees, make bricks, hammer iron without love, but you cannot deal with men without love."—*Tolstoi.*

"We do not ever call any man good unless we believe he is interested in the happiness of others. Unless he uses his power and his means for the promotion of their welfare. Goodness always means good will and good will always implies relations to others."—*Charles G. Ames.*

BRANT POINT LIGHT-HOUSE

The Second Congregational Meeting House in Nantucket

THE name of itself is history. These people have never called the place of their public worship a church, nor have they ever taken to themselves formally the name of Unitarians. In 1809 when the meeting-house was built and its congregation was gathered, there was the old First Church over on the North Hill, and there were several Quaker meeting houses, gathering together so much of the sweet, pure, unaffected, spiritual life of the old Nantucket town But liberalism had crept into the staid whaling community as it had crept into so many New England communities of the time; for these were the days of Channing and Ware, and the Unitarian Controversy, and a town whose people were so largely sea-faring and affected by the world-roving spirit of the mariner could not remain strictly Puritanic in ideal or way of living. The tradition of the old North Church in those days was Puritanic and Calvinistic, and so the division came. Perhaps there was less theology involved than revolt against the social and moral narrowness of the old tradition. At any rate nobody used the word *Unitarian*, and the first covenant was by no means Channingesque; yet the people of this new congregation were essentially liberal and insisted on a minister of their own sort. They were numerically strong and financially significant. The building which they built on Orange Street was spacious and, for its time, luxurious, and the report of the time was that had they wished it, there was money enough in the congregation to have built it of mahogany from top to foundation and to have gilded it all

over. But the Nantucket instinct was never spendthrift. The building has suffered one or two radical renovations in its ninety-five years of existence, and no record remains of its original plans. Tradition says that there was a gallery on three sides, two rows of windows, and a high pulpit of solid mahogany, also very steep outside stairs. Nantucket then was in its halcyon days. The mansions of Main Street were symbols of general prosperity; and, as so often happened, it was mainly among the well-to-do and the socially fortunate that the main strength of the Second Meeting-house lay.

In early days it was not church at all; only meeting-house. Perhaps this was but the persistence of the old Puritan simplicity, but I suspect that the influence of the Friends' example had somewhat to do with it. Nantucket was then and later a stronghold of "Quakerism"; and constantly was our Unitarian fold recruited by those who had had their training with the Friends and never outgrew the essential spirit of their birthright, but found in the larger freedom of the liberal faith a congenial place of its development.

While the first covenant was elaborately theological and full of phrases of the ancient sort, the spirit of liberalism peered slyly through many a quaintly-turned clause. It was in 1837 that a really liberal covenant was adopted under the leadership of Rev. George F. Edes. A little later there was a slight relapse of ultra-conservatism, but recovery was certain and the simple covenant which now stands that of the church is substantially the one adopted in 1847 under the ministry of Rev. Wm. H. Knapp. It reads: "Regarding Jesus of Nazareth as our spiritual teacher and guide, we desire more faithfully to follow him, to possess more of his spirit, to be true to our age and mission as he was true to his, and to co-operate with each other in building up the kingdom of God on earth. For this purpose we join ourselves together."

The society has had too many ministers. Its place of isolation, the unique conditions of community life which sometimes acted as an embarrassment to a minister coming from "off island" to make his home here, and perhaps an ultra spirit of sturdy independence which made these people chary of taking too much "off island" advice, led to some misfits and hastily assorted pastoral relations. Yet not a few noble, loyal, large-souled and self-sacrificing men have ministered here, and while most pastorates have been short, some notable periods of well-continued service have occurred. Parson Swift, the first minister, was with his flock for twenty-three years; and the second pastor, Rev. George H. Edes, remained eight years, as did also Rev. Cyrus A. Roys many years later. In fact though the average length of pastorates has been only four years and a half, this is a better record than that of any other church in Nantucket, and some of these ministers have left strong influence for good behind them. Rev. George H. Hepworth began his somewhat eccentric ministerial career here; Rev. Nahum A. Haskell was pastor for four years; Rev John Dawes, long the patriarch of the Cape Cod Conference, Rev. J. H. Savage, and Rev. Henry F. Bond all went from Nantucket to larger fields of service.

The clock tower which so finely lifts its gilded top to crown the sky-line of Nantucket, as one sails into the harbor, was not a part of the original building, but now is its conspicuous mark. In it hangs a noble bell with an interesting story. It was cast as a sister in a group of chimes for a Catholic sanctuary in Spain. Legend weaves romantic tales about it but its honest story is simply one of Yankee enterprise. A sailing captain knowing that a good bell was needed on the island bought it of the founder before it was consecrated, sailed with it to his home, stowed it away until a suitable price was forthcoming and then sold it for $500 to the Second Meeting-house. It soon became renowned for its fine tone throughout the region, even to the high places of Boston; and the Old South Church of

that city, having need of a bell to replace a cracked one in its historic tower, confidently sent its agent down to say that as they had a fine clock in their tower but no bell, here was the bell for which they would pay good price. The Nantucket people made answer that they had a good bell but no clock, and would consider a price for which the Old South people would sell their bell-less time-piece. Of course that bell and that clock never came together. The noble pealings of the Spanish bell still sound curfew and church-calling on the old island, and across its face still stands the old inscription, designing it for another service and another place:—

"To the Good Jesus of the Mountain the devotees of Lisbon direct their prayers, offering Him one complete set of six bells, to call the people and adore Him on His sanctuary.

Jose Domingos da Costa has done it in Lisbon on the year 1810."

The Nantucket of to-day is not the Nantucket for which this meeting-house was built. Once its spacious auditorium was always full, and in the market place so near it surged a busy tide of a populous town's activity Once ten thousand people had their homes within hearing of its fine-toned bell. In 1830 Nantucket was the third commercial town in Massachusetts, only Boston and Salem surpassing it. All that is gone; a wondrous story of community pluck, enterprise and indomitable energy in the face of natural obstacles is now a closed story. The days of whaling and Nantucket wealth have passed forever and the tide of summer people who come here for a little time each season can in no sense replace the dignity and wealth of this former prosperity. The Second Congregational Meeting-House finds its work more modest and more difficult than in days gone by, but perhaps never more important or significant, or more faithfully borne by the men and women who now have it in charge.

The Stone Chapel on Star Island--Isles of Shoals.

IT is all that remains of a sturdy village once clustered snugly about it—this and the weather-worn wreck of the old parsonage that belonged with it. Over a hundred years ago it was built, and a population of six or seven hundred, perhaps a thousand people, had their humble homes within hearing of its tiny bell. In the days of the Revolution Gosport was one of the leading ports of the New England coast; and this little harbor of Star Island was not seldom filled with ships that made long cruises over the ocean.

Why did these people find their homes so far from the mainland? Through fear, some say, seeking on these rocky islands to be out of reach of marauding Indians. Because of pluck and indomitable spirit of reckless daring, others may say, finding here where the stress of ocean storms was frequent and barren rock-ledges forced upon them difficulties and hardships innumerable, some congenial challenge to their sturdy manhood. Probably both elements entered in, as so often happens in human nature. Of course fishing was the native employment and the concerns of the sea the chief interest of these earlier inhabitants, and one easily suspects that religion of a very subtle or effusive nature was never very dominant amongst them.

The first meeting house was built of timbers washed ashore from Spanish wrecks. This and at least one succeeding building were destroyed by fire; in

one case, at any rate, not from accident but because the village ran short of fire-wood and could spare this building better than anything else of combustible nature. The days following the Revolution were days of degeneracy and barbarism, all but the ruder and more daredevil folk having been withdrawn to places out of reach of English ships; and only gradually a respectable population came back again. This chapel was built, not so much through the fervor of the Gosporters themselves we fear, as through the missionary initiative of an outside organization which had it built of stone, not simply to withstand the ravages of time and storm but because no risks were to be taken for times of firewood famine.

Yet its ministry has never been futile. Humble but devoted ministers have faithfully served it, and met with no niggardliness as to things of the spirit the religious needs of these crude fisherfolk. One man at least is to be mentioned. His epitaph upon the stone that covers his grave tells quaintly the whole story in striking brevity:

"Underneath are the Remains of the Rev. John Tucke, A. M. He graduated at Harvard College A. D. 1723. Was ordained here July 26, 1732, and died Aug. 12, 1773. Aet 72. He was affable and polite in his Manner, amiable in his disposition; of great Piety and Integrity, given to hospitality. Diligent and faithful in his pastoral office, well learned in History and Geography as well as general Science, and a careful Physician both to the Bodies and the souls of his People. Erected 1800. In memory of the just."

In the middle of the last century the population of Gosport dwindled away, although when Celia Thaxter wrote her "Isles of Shoals" the village on Star Island was considerable. Finally in 1873 the whole population was "bought out" in order that the Islands might be made over to a summer resort, and the last humble fisherman's hut was destroyed, the last inhabitant sailed to mainland, and this old chapel was left alone, a picturesque survival for "summer folks" to turn their curious gaze upon, and learn its story as a quaint romance.

When our summer meetings began the stone chapel inevitably found its new service. From the very beginning it has been used for the most intimate and sacred of the religious meetings, and in 1901 the Summer Meetings Association started the movement for making it practically the property of the American Unitarian Association to be held in trust for the Summer Meetings. A considerable sum of money has been expended—not in "restorations" or "renovation"—but in preservation. The changes made have hardly altered a detail of the old meeting house in outward seeming but they have been most important in securing its permanency and fitting use. Not only at the Summer Meetings season, but, for the last three years, religious services have been held here all summer under Unitarian auspices.

The people for whom the church was built are forever gone and the humble type of home ministry for which it stood can never be brought back. This alien tide of summer visitors is worldwide distances apart from them in spirit, custom and scope of life. The final fact of the religion stands the same, however, never to be robbed of its essential simplicity, and perhaps these later people who come amongst these rocks and crags only for their short summer sojourn, may find something here, different from elsewhere, in spirit's refreshment and incentive and subtle atmosphere of faith, because of the mingling associations of what has been and now is, on Star Island.

Is not this typified somewhat by that unique "candle-light service" which many people find the most impressive feature of the Summer Meetings? At ten o'clock at night, after the day's program is over, and all the pleasant vicissitude of social and religious intercourse, our people, taking their candle-lanterns from the hotel piazza, climb

silently the little hill behind the buildings, in answer to the invitation of that tiny bell, and gather in the chapel for their good-night worship. It is brief, simple, unaffected. The same order of service is always used,—one prepared especially for this hour of worship. A few prayers filled with the spirit of tranquility suggestive of the hush of night and sea, a single hymn, and the reading of a psalm,—that is all. It lasts less than ten minutes, and after it is over, in silence the congregation with their candles descend the hill again, ready for sleep. Perhaps no service like it is to be found elsewhere, and this service used elsewhere would hardly satisfy. But for this old stone meeting house with its tradition it is a peculiarly fitting custom.

Meadville Theological School Graduation.

The sixty-second anniversary of the Meadville Theological School with the graduating exercises of its senior class took place Thursday, June 11th. On the afternoon before a delightful reception was held in Hunnewell Hall, which was planned for its spacious lawns in front of the buildings, but was driven indoors by threatenings of showers; but there amid abundant ferns and buoyant-hearted young people it was delightful enough and satisfying in every way. Wednesday evening the sermon to the graduating class was preached by Rev. Merle St. Croix Wright of New York, a vigorous, straight aimed, enkindling charge which set forth the demands and responsibilities of the minister's work in no roseate color, but with the tonic challenge of strenuous and lusty ideal which was after all keen with encouragement.

Thursday morning's exercises were opened with prayer led by Rev. Leon A. Harvey of Erie, Pa. The members of the graduating class then presented well-prepared papers in forceful and attractive manner; all with the touch of life and vigor in them,—practical, human and modern, the topics of most of them indicating little tendency of dalliance with merely speculative or metaphysical problems of the school. Mr. J. A. C. F. Auer spoke of "Symbol and Reality in Religion;" Mr. Chester A. Drummond spoke of "The Social Gospel"; Mr. Don S. S. Goodloe spoke of "The Religious Aspect of the Race Question"; Mr Howard A. MacDonald's theme was "The Adolescent Boy." Mr. Samuel R. Maxwell spoke of "The Prophet or the Priest in the Modern church"; and Mr. Otto E. Schneider's topic was "The New Testament and the Preacher of Religion."

A chorus of students rendered fitting music during the program, and Rev. L. Walter Mason of Pittsburgh, gave a a sensible and inspiring address to the graduating class. With much dignity and much good reason for satisfaction, Pres. Southworth presided, and finally with very cordial and intimate words presented diplomas to those leaving the school.

A Prayer.

O Thou Divine Helper! Thou knowest the troubles that perplex, the vexations that annoy, the fears that bless the children of men. Thou understandest the disappointments that discourage human hearts, and the sorrows that shadow the path of earth. Thou knowest, too, the hopes that shine among the clouds, the joys that spring up like flowers in unexpected places, and the peace that sometimes comes even out of pain. Make us grateful for all blessings, faithful in all duty, courageous in all trials, and sympathetic towards others who suffer. Whatever shadows gather for ourselves, for our dear ones, or for the world, may we never doubt thy perfect wisdom, or thy unfailing love. Amen. J. T. S.

"How good is man's life, the mere living, how fit to employ,
All the heart, and the soul, and the senses forever in joy."—*Browning.*

THE STONE CHAPEL, ISLES OF SHOALS

The Silence and the Voice.

BY GWYNNE MYRICK

The wondrous night-silence brooding in the sky,
So vastly still,—the hush of all Eternity
Reaching thro' sky to quench earth's noiseness:
With here and there a curling calm of cloud,
And here and there a star, but shyly radiant,
Abashed because the regnant moon,
Superb in her sweet majesty of tranquil light,
Rides in the heavens:—
Star, cloud, and moon, and sky and twilight mist
And fragrance of a thousand unseen flowers
Blend to one lingering overtone of peace
And pauseless ecstacy of Silence.

Against its background—here's the miracle—
The infinite Noise, air saturating,
Besetting us behind, before, like God;
Ceaseless, the Voice of Many Waters in unwearying joy;
Not as the surge of Sea, in rythmic cadence,—
Persistent, all unbroken, breathless, poured as heaven's light
In unremitting flood of noble sound,
As over the precipice the sheer leap of the river
Hurls it triumphant into glory.

What wild rush and swirl and passion of mad haste:
What tangling wrath of the tumultuous tide,
Buffetting rocks, chafing at river's bounds,—
Agony of impatience—in the rapid's race above!
And then,—poise for the leap,—and then—
Not haste or passion, then majestic calm of falling,
Measured and sure, titanicly restrained,
This kingly glory of stupendous fall!

'Tis next of kin, that silence of the sky,
And hush of twilight,
And wierd tranquility of moon-light splendor,
With this great Majesty of Noise.

See: out of the mist-veil of the feet of the Majesty,
Across the turbulent stream of the river's afterflow,
That path of light, soft melting of moon's laughter,
Thro' mist, athwart the stream in palpitating peace,
Trembling with motion's seeming.
Yet constant, straight, unfaltering;—
Path as of what? Heaven's peace across Earth's turbulence?
God's patience o'er the fever-fret and murmur
Of human folly?

God in heaven, I know
Only the least part of thy holy secret
Of life eternal! It broods in the sky,
Lurks in Nature's loveliness, and deeply haunts
My own soul's being; but my common life
Is all so fragmentary, human, weak,
Broken in passions, restless, unfulfilled,
Fretted by dreams, scarred by sin's wreaks of dreams
Athwart it now, just now, as here I wait,
Flash straight the faith glow path of confidence,
Transfiguring formless hope, that I grow firm to know,
Some day shall come to me a strange, strange hour,
After the rush and tangle of the flood
And frettings mid the rapids of the rocks,—
Shall come a time of poise and peace—and then,—
The majesty of the leap to strong attainment
Of the exultant glory that is hid with thee!
That then out of thy heaven, some twilight strangeness,
The flood of brooding light and vast tranquility,—
The passion of thy peace past understanding
Shall rest upon me,
And at my feet, the path of light.

Niagara Falls, June 4, 1906.

The Importance of Free Inquiry in Religion

By REV. JABEZ T. SUNDERLAND

IN a boarding house in a certain city not long ago, a company of six or eight persons were talking together. Several of them were well educated, and all were persons above the average in intelligence. The infallibility of the Bible and several other theological doctrines happened to come up, and the general feeling was that they ought not to be discussed. Discussion was dangerous. Several expressed their minds to the effect that even if these doctrines were not true they did not want to know it. All agreed that the only safe thing was to accept what the churches and creeds taught, and to refuse to discuss or to investigate, or to read or hear anything that might tend to change their views.

Think of full-grown men and women —think of persons possessed of any degree of intelligence—taking such a position! Even if certain things are not true, not willing to know it! Deliberately resolving to continue believing certain things, whether true or false! Like ostriches, thrusting their heads into the sand so that they can't see, and then imagining themselves safe!

I speak of this incident simply because it is typical. It illustrates a common attitude of mind in the religious world around us. All our communities are full of this way of looking at things. It is an attitude of mind created by the teaching of the churches for centuries that in religious matters men are not to think and investigate as in other things, but are simply to accept what is given them. If the devil—I mean the devil of Ecclesiastical Tyranny—ever invented a cunning means to fetter human minds and hold them in bondage to ignorance and superstition, it was when he set the Christian Church to the task of teaching men that it is dangerous to

inquire, dangerous to use their reason, and that what God wants of them is blindly to accept and believe.

Three of the blackest affirmations that infidelity ever made in the whole history of human thought are: (1) The fall of the race (2) The total depravity of human nature. (3) An eternal hell of torment. Where do these infidel affirmations come from? From Voltaire? Oh, no! From Thomas Paine? Not at all From that "arch-infidel", Robert Ingersoll? By no means. They come from the theologians of the Christian Church. Voltaire and Paine and Ingersoll all denied them—declared them too black and horrible to be true, unless God is a devil. The place we find these God-dishonoring doctrines is in the creeds of the churches. True, many of the best men in all the churches are getting ashamed of them; yet there in the creeds they still remain, survivals from a dark and cruel past. They are not removed because men fear to think, fear to reason, fear to trust their consciences—in short, because so many men are slaves to tradition and to what has been. The Westminster Confession is a chain on the human mind. So is the Thirty-Nine Articles. So are most of the creeds. So are many liturgies and prayer books and hymn books, because instead of being books of pure religion they are so often books of good religion mixed with much bad theology. We are getting many religious heretics in our day. It is because we are getting an increasing number of men who dare to inquire in religious matters. Inquiry is the key that unlocks chains. Truth is the great emancipator.

There are those who tell us that inquiry means skepticism. On the contrary, honest and sincere inquiry is much more likely to mean faith. The man who inquires is the one who believes that truth exists and is good. The man who interrogates nature is he who believes that nature has something to reveal, and something worth finding out.

There are those who tell us that the spirit of inquiry tends to make men distrustful of religion. It does, undoubtedly, tend to make men distrustful of much that calls itself religion; for much that calls itself by that great name is not true religion at all, but only superstition and credulity. But religion in those high and pure forms in which alone it ought to be acceptable to enlighten men, inquiry does not disturb, but only reveals more clearly its worth and its permanence.

We are told that inquiry is making many overturnings in religion. This is true. But the overturnings do not mean destruction. They do not mean the final loss of anything that is true or good. They mean readjustment. They mean the building of more beautiful and more stately mansions for religion to dwell in. With man's growing knowledge and deepening insight into truth, his conception of God is rising, shaking off many of its former crudities, becoming more rational, more ethical, more spiritual, in every way more worthy.

The same is true of his conception of his relations to himself and his fellowmen. As he advances in knowledge he understands himself better. He learns more clearly the duties and obligations which he owes to others. Many things which in earlier ages and with less enlightenment he allowed himself to do, and even to do in the name of religion, he now sees to be wrong and puts away. Thus it is that with the advance of truth in the world religion rises on its human side as well as on its divine. The last thing that should be afraid of truth is religion. If religion were wise it would see that it has no other such friend as truth.

Truth leads to freedom.

"He is a freeman whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves beside."

Truth leads to safety. There can be no safety where truth is not. Truth leads to power, the only power that is permanent. Truth leads to harmony with God and nature and men, and therefore, to joy and peace.

It is truth that has lighted every step

of man's long climb up from the brute that he has been to the man that he is. And it will be truth that will still guide his way as he presses on and up from the very imperfect man that he is to-day to the nobler man that he will become in some good to-morrow.

It is truth that has guided nations and races in their progress. Look at the difference that exists to-day between Scotland and Ireland, between New England and Mexico, between Germany and Spain, between England and Russia.

Scotland has been a land of truth-lovers and truth seekers. For three hundred years she has had a religion which, whatever we may think of its theological conclusions, has stimulated the Scotch people to the most vigorous thinking. The result is, Scotland has become in the modern world much what Attica was in the ancient. On the other hand, Ireland, once the land of learning, once at the very front in enlightenment, has long been under influences which have tended to deaden her intellectual life. These influences have been political subjection to England, but, far worse, intellectual and spiritual bondage to a backward-looking and mind-fettering church. Where is there hope? Only in truth. Only in freedom. Only in a less deadening religion—a religion which will not close men's minds to inquiry, to knowledge, to progress. Who doubts that New England is what it is to-day because of its schools, its democracy, and its religion of soul-liberty? On the other hand, who doubts that Mexico and many of the South American states are what we see them to be, because of their inheritance from the past of ignorance and spiritual bondage?

Comparing Germany and Spain, who questions that Germany has been lifted to the high place that she occupies in the world, by Luther and his open Bible, and by her great universities? or that poor, unhappy Spain has been brought down to her present degration, primarily by that insane folly which, four hundred years ago, drove out from her borders the Moors with their learning and the Jews with their enterprise, and then, later, through her inquisition which rooted out the spirit of free inquiry among her own people, and put to the rack and the wheel the men who by their love of truth and their intellectual leadership would have kept her abreast of modern civilization where at one time she proudly stood?

For months past the eyes of the civilized world have been turned to Russia, tossed and torn by internal commotion. What is the explanation of Russia's woes? A tyrannical government and a still more tyrannical church. The people kept in ignorance and robbed of intellectual and religious freedom. There is no permanent safety for any nation without political liberty, and quite as little without religious liberty.

Conference Meetings.

The annual meeting of the Unitarian Conference of the Middle States and Canada will be held in Rochester, N. Y., Oct. 31, and Nov. 1 and 2.

The next meeting of the Joseph Priestley Conference will be held in Germantown, Pa., Oct. 23 and 24.

"I know * *
In the darkest night of the year,
When the stars have all gone out,
That courage is better than fear,
That faith is truer than doubt;
And fierce though the fiends may fight
And long though the angel hide.
I know that Truth and Right
Have the universe on their side."

—*Washington Gladden.*

I pray you with all earnestness to prove, and know within your hearts, that all things lovely and righteous are possible for those who believe in their possibility, and who determine that, for their part, they will make every day's work contribute to them.—*Ruskin.*

From Trinitarian (Cong.) to Unitarian

BY REV. THOMAS CLAYTON

IT is not easy to comply with the Editor's request, and describe just how or why one has come to make such a change in belief and church relations. It necessitates so much of the objectionable personal element. One cannot write such a story in the third person. Also some of the influences that carry us forward or change our direction are easily forgotten as the years roll by, and new experiences crowd in upon the soul. However, I will do my best to recall the particular strokes of the paddle that gradually carried my canoe over from conservatism to liberalism in theology, and from the Trinitarian to the Unitarian stream.

Perhaps the change really began with the "Higher Criticism" which at first I distrusted, being a sincere believer in the plenary inspiration of the Bible Hitherto to me, its statements had possessed divine authority. All my life I had studied the Bible, and mastered it as few do. The first book that impressed me was Dr. Gladden's "Who wrote the Bible"? It made me feel there was more I needed to know about the Bible. I bought other books, some more liberal; sought out review articles, and did much reading and reflection. I was soon convinced the Bible is not inerrant, that I must not and could not trust to it alone. I had also been reading along other lines. Astronomy was always one of my favorite sciences, archaeology another. I had long refused to believe in man's late advent on the earth, or that all men had descended from Adam. I believed the days of Genesis meant periods, and that the flood had been local. The story of the Fall to me had never been historical, I had regarded it, as a kind of parable illustrating the origin of sin.

As the universe widened and deepened before the growing power of the telescope, my idea of God expanded until He became too sublimely great for me to conceive of Him as being incarnate and confined in the person of a Galilean peasant. Prayers to Jesus had always been improper, and tainted with idolatry; and my doubts regarding his equality with the Father, gradually changed into certainty that such a doctrine was wrong.

Still it was hard for me to rid myself entirely of the old notion, that such ideas were possibly a temptation of the devil, and revealed my own lack of religious experience. Did I not need more earnest prayer and consecration? I often tried to secure it on my knees until I was weary and my head swam. The long hours of mental wrestling that continued for years, none but God and myself will ever know. But the work of transition went on. I was helped greatly by association with many able and scholarly ministers who were very liberal. Gradually I went beyond them, taking positions they seemed to consider very radical. The theory of evolution was forced upon my attention. Many of my friends accepted it, while I was prejudiced against it. Still I felt impelled to study it carefully, because I was unwilling to be ignorant of the reasons why other people believed differently from myself. This trait I have since come to be grateful for, because I have found so many people willing to deny and condemn things they know little or nothing about.

Reluctantly and unwillingly I retreated step by step before the coming light; I feared to accept what I could not deny, until after reading John Fiske's little book "The Destiny of Man" all my fears vanished, and I accepted in a measure the wonderful doctrine of evolution. Then arose the old difficulty about miracles, which would not be put down; but I was now fairly settled in my views, as to the prerogatives of the human reason, which taught me that the laws of God as revealed in the uni-

verse, have never wavered in the least from the beginning of creation. All along this painful path of intellectual transition, I had been haunted by the fear, that I might become a traitor to my life-long religious experience. It had clogged my steps and postponed many decisions. I had long possessed what Prof. Hale has gone elsewhere in search of, and suffered from anxiety lest my radical tendencies should destroy it. But that fear has long since passed away; I know better now.

For sometime I was anchored on the idea that the Gospels at least were authoritative, and could be relied upon to give us the real position of Jesus regarding the Deity. I well remember one night some twelve years ago spending several hours upon the discourses of Jesus in which he is made to say much regarding his relation to the Father. The first reading confirmed my previous belief that Jesus did not claim for himself what modern Trinitarians claim for him, but to strengthen conviction I resolved to read it over again. Suddenly the thought came to me, supposing he is made to claim equality with God, would that decide it for me? Could I rely upon the verbal accuracy of these records, or even upon the memory of the original authors? What modification of these Gospels had there not been *before* the imperfect manuscripts we now have were written? The reply was decisive, I could not build so tremendous a doctrine upon so uncertain a foundation. Where then was the final authority? Must I trust reason alone? Then I felt as though my frail bark was adrift. I had neither certainty nor authority. Was there even a God? At this the bitter tears flowed, but my heart promptly answered: Yes, my God and Father who loves me, who has thus far guided and kept me, is still with me, and I shall yet see light in His light. "Tho' I walk through the valley of shadows, I will fear no evil for Thou art with me." None of us need wonder that so many ministers and others draw back from so terrible an ordeal, and decide to neither read nor think lest they be driven to surrender the hopes and opportunities of a lifetime. As for me it was necessary to go on even if it meant despair and death. To know the Truth I was prepared for any kind of sacrifice. One of the books that seemed to help me much at this period was "The Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy" by John Fiske. To me he has always been what Charles Darwin wrote of him "the clearest thinker I have ever read".

Gradually the darkness passed away. My crude ideas assumed more definite forms, and things began to look more natural and real. What had I left? My God was nearer and dearer, more real to me, than ever before. I saw Him and felt His presence everywhere. His love quivered in the atmosphere and smiled upon me from heaven and earth. The Bible was still the most precious of books, for how wonderfully it described Him, and gave the noble thoughts and experiences of men, who like myself were seekers after God. Jesus to me remained the fairest of all the sons of men, the dominating personality of my life and ministry. Humanity was even nearer than before and every soul my kinsman in the family of God. Evolution and human history written upon rocks, in gravels and upon tablets, revealed the working out of God's sublime plan for the glorification of mankind. I became satisfied, established, and like John Henry Newman can say: "I have not had a doubt or misgiving since, as to my convictions being the right ones."

Another great problem now faced me. What must I do? Remain in the Orthodox Church, and keep my convictions on many things to myself, as others I knew were doing, or Wesleylike strive to bring the Church over to my point of view; or step out into an unfriendly and critical world? What can laymen know of the considerations that influence the actions of many sincere ministers? I have often heard the clergy severely criticised for continuing to act as though

they believed in old dogmas generally considered to be dead.

To many it looks like stepping out to be crucified like the Master. To be misunderstood and misrepresented, sometimes ostracised and forsaken of friends, to lose living and ministerial standing. What more natural than that friends when consulted should advise a man to act cautiously? I was advised to stay where I was, and keep some of my opinions to myself, to gradually sow the seeds of liberalism, and wait until the time was ripe for more aggressive agitation. The denomination itself was liberal, there were no doctrinal tests, only testimony; but while I can agree that others may stay where they are, I have felt it was best for me to give up the ministry or go to the Unitarians. For a time I could not decide which to do; but sickness led me to resign my church, and then, assured of a welcome and a home among the Unitarians, I joined this body two years ago, hardly expecting to do much preaching; but I am here striving not unsuccessfully to plant a Unitarian church in the same city where I formerly filled an orthodox pulpit.

My reception has been kind, and if former acquaintances grant me but faint recognition, they at least do not antagonize me, and many whom I never knew formerly, heartily wish us Godspeed in our new enterprise.

To sum up in a few words: I came over to the Unitarians to be honest with myself; to let the few who may be interested know just where I stand and why; to serve the cause of progressive truth in the spirit of the Master who said "To this end was I born and for this cause came I into the world that I might bear witness to the truth".

The Congress of Religion.

As a director of the Congress of Religion and in that capacity elected to represent the Unitarian denomination, I should deem myself negligent and unworthy did I not avail myself of proffered space in THE NEW UNITARIAN to say a word upon the meetings of the Congress which were held this week in Chicago.

Dr. Hiram W. Thomas in his opening address at Lincoln Centre declared for one faith and many beliefs, and he who followed the meetings from beginning to end were indeed unresponsive if he were not piloted amid the varying theology by one universal faith in the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man. The Congress broadside on Sunday upon the subject "The greatest need of religion to-day," had paved the way for the interesting meetings on Monday. "The weakness of the church" was emphasized by Mr. Louis W. Post, editor of *The Public*. Mr. Post charged the church with "Crystalization." Rev. W. P. Merrill of the Sixth Presbyterian Church, in a scholarly paper declared the vitality of the church is in its personal touch, in its personal influence for righteousness. Conditions of woman and child labor, practical service for negroes, and the mission of organized religion to-day were considered during the remainder of the first day.

And so the Congress continued, now at Hull House with Miss Jane Adams speaking, or at Chicago Commons with Dr. Graham Taylor addressing earnest hearers. Perhaps it was a meeting at Union Park Congregational Church where such practical subjects as the settlement, the tenement, child training, work for prisoners and the like were discussed by experts, or the Congress might gather for other topics in a distant part of the city under the roof of some other denomination. Everywhere was evidence of an earnest consecrated common faith, holding communion through all creeds amid the discussion of these life problems, which are indeed religious problems. Toward the close of the Congress, Dr. George Patton of Ann Arbor, gave his thoughtful and helpful view of The New Theism, at the University of Chicago. He was followed by Dr. George B. Foster with a conception of the "Becoming God," and your

Unitarian wished that many more Unitarians were there, that they might listen to these words of Dr. Foster at this meeting of a Congress of Religion in a Baptist institution and from the lips of a Baptist.

Hospitality abounded at the Congress centering at Lincoln Centre. Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, indispensable to the meetings, was ever alert to their interests, always speaking the forcible word at the right time. His personality stirred the Congress. Mr. Jones, who has been general secretary since the formation of the Congress, twelve years ago, who, as is well known, was closely identified with its birth, has now resigned. He will continue to aid the Congress in the important post of chairman of the executive committee, where his wisdom and direction will be needed and appreciated. Rev. Cyrus A. Osborne, who for some time has acted as Field Secretary of the Congress, and with most excellent results, was elected General Secretary to succeed Mr. Jones. The Congress stands for universal justice. It will bring together the broad-minded and the big hearted "liberals" and "orthodox" so-called. The narrow minded "liberals" and "orthodox" will not hasten to breathe its life-giving open air. They will draw back and remain indoors, inhaling the stuffy atmosphere of their theological tenements. But a growing nucleus of men and women who find the spirit of life in love and good will, in uplifting the world into practical righteousness, these, of whatever creed will recognize one faith for all—a faith which permits them and demands that they should meet together for a Congress of Religion. Above all others Unitarians cannot afford to stand one side and ignore this great movement of the Congress of Religion. Unitarians have not done so. Unitarians will not do so if they are true to themselves.

Dr. Hiram W. Thomas, president of the Congress, preached June 10 in the Third Unitarian Church.

F. A. W.

Chicago, Illinois.

"Amongst Ministers."

NOTE—We wish to have this register as complete as possible and cordially welcome information from any source which can help us make it so.

CALLS.

Rev. W. Delos Smith to the church in Hamilton, Ont.

Rev. J. E. Locke to the church in Windsor, Vt.

ORDINATIONS.

Rev. Dudley R. Child at Charlestown, N. H.

RESIGNATIONS.

Rev. Harry White of Duluth, Minn.

Shall We Close Our Churches in Summer?

Most of our Unitarian churches are closed during a portion of every summer; some of them only for a month; more perhaps for two months or longer.

Is this necessary, or is it wise? Ministers certainly need their vacations like all busy brain-workers; and in cities at any rate a large number of our families are away. Yet ours is almost the only denomination whose people so complacently close the doors of their churches during the vacation months.

Perhaps this is solely because of our practical necessity. Because we are not "evangelical" other churches will not include us in their union services; it is not often that we have enough churches of our own in a single community to make a liberal union service possible; few of our congregations care to pay for "supplies" while the ministers are away.

Or perhaps this is an evidence of our courage of common sense. We frankly accept a modern condition with modern practicability. We insist that church-going is not the whole of religion; and

depleted congregattions gahered under uncomfortable circumstances may produce more perspiration than inspiration on a hot mid-summer's Sunday. On the other hand, the easy surrender to untoward conditions, and yielding to temptations of spiritual indolence may be a part of our liberal undoing, the comfort and common sense of which may cost too dearly in vital spiritual growth.

We have put the case to several representative ministers and here is what they have to say.

Rev. Chas. G. Ames, minister of the Church of the Disciples, Boston:

A shadow falls on me every year when the congregation gives its unanimous vote for a ten weeks vacation; but in the conditions of modern city life this summer closing is felt as a necessity; and those who do not flee away to the rural or seaside resorts generally get out of town every fair Sunday morning The time has gone by, never to return, when church-going was regarded as *vitally* bound up with religion or morality; and for this change liberal preachers have themselves to thank. All the same, it is a pity that progressive emancipation from over-belief should be attended with progressive laxity in spiritual culture.

I should like to contribute to your symposium one practical suggestion: May not some of the ministers, who are released from their regular work and who spend their vacation in regions where there is no liberal preaching, watch for opportunities and *make* opportunities, for free, untaxing talks on religion in school-houses, groves or unused meeting houses? They would find little companies of eager, hungry hearers, who would gladly carry away well-selected tracts and pamphlets of spiritual songs, such as the A. U. A. will gladly furnish.

Rev. Samuel C. Beane, D. D., of Lawrence, Mass..

The longer summer vacation has come to stay, at least in our cities and large towns. All the people who can, go in ever-increasing numbers and with ever-increasing beckoning and facility, to seashore or country, and the tide will not stop. A lonesome handful of worshippers in July and August are not happy, and get very little religious benefit.

Let the minister, however, be at call, when possible, for occasional service.

Our country meeting houses should in summer have as little vacation as possible; and city ministers often can and should employ some of their many spare Sundays in helping the rural ones to needed rest.

Rev. Alfred Manchester, pastor of the Second Church, Salem, Mass.:

A little Miss of my acquaintance who was about four years of age was being put to bed by her aunt one warm Saturday night in the month of May. "Tomorrow" said the aunt," you will put on a thinner dress and in another week or two some thin underwear." "Yes" said the little tot, "and when it gets real hot I'm going to stop saying my prayers."

It is remarkable at what an early age the present generation announces, by deed if not by word, its intention of spiritual atrophy during the summer months. The long vacation period of two or three months, preceded by several weeks of little activity and followed by a long period of recovery, is trying and often disastrous to our church life. The changed conditions of life must be taken into account and frankly met. But why should we neglect the outward forms of spiritual life any more than we suspend the usual routine of the physical life at a given period? If not in the usual place, then why not at the temporary abode, continue the exercises of the religious nature to the effect of strengthening our moral and spiritual health and the encouragement of our new neighbors among whom the spirit of religious indifference on the part of strangers often works untold harm?

Can we not see to it that the vacation limits are strictly defined and that the time immediately before and immediately after do not suffer from thoughtlessness or indifference?

Rev. Minot O. Simons, Minister of Unity Church, Cleveland:

As to the summer closing of our churches, I am unable at present to give an unqualified approval or disapproval. The matter is complicated, there are good reasons on both sides, and unless we see a great light, most of us will continue to do what we have to do, close the church and go away, whether we like it or not.

The minister needs a vacation. Many families are away. There is a let down in church work. A satisfactory supply is hard to get and the summer services become a drag upon those conscientious people who feel obliged to go because the church is open. Summer services considerably increase the church expense and it is a fair question if the added expense is worth while. The people themselves enjoy the summer freedom from church duties, and come back with added zest.

Yet when all this and more is said, I always feel sorry to close the church, especially for two months. I need the two months, but there are some people at home who need the church, and in cases of bereavement it is a relief to the family to have a minister of their own church. But the services must always be worth while and not a makeshift, else the cause of the church will suffer, and until I can see a way to have such attractive services, I shall reluctantly close the church.

Rev. Leon A. Harvey, Field Agent for the Meadville District:

There is a difference in churches. It seems to me our lake-side and sea-side churches should be kept open through the summer. Where there is more than one such church in a city the services should be combined in a union service. This seems to me the ideal. How to reach it and yet give the minister a respite I leave others to tell.

Rev. William M. Brundage, pastor of Unity Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.:

I believe that a summer vacation not too long is good for the congregation, as well as for the minister. Certainly in our crowded lives we ministers need these two summer months among the mountains or by the sea, not simply for physical rest and recreation, but for profound meditation and study. During all the rest of the year we are continually giving out the best we have; during these months we are drinking in new impressions, reading and digesting the new books which we have been obliged to neglect, communing with ourselves, brooding over the difficult problems of life, re-adjusting our thought to the needs of the hour, preparing new sermons. Our people are directly benefitted by all this rest and recreation of the minister. Besides this, our people come back to church work when services are resumed with new zest, quickening interest, fresh enthusiasm.

Whether in a great city, however, we do wisely to close all our Unitarian churches at the same time is another question. I for one feel that there ought to be at least one of our churches opened all the time. Some plan ought to be devised to provide a place of meeting for strangers who visit the city during the summer and who are anxious to hear our liberal gospel, as well as for the accommodation of those who can take no long vacation.

Rev. Geo. A. Thayer, minister of the Unitarian church in Cincinnati:

In the latitude of Southern Ohio climate and social habits make it of little use to attempt to keep open church between July and latter September. The minister is willing, having outgrown his early fear of summer weather, and in recent years spending most of the summer at home. (I speak for myself.) But the congregation is scattered, and they who remain in the city

are inert when church attendance is in question. Wherefore a nearly three months vacation is unavoidable; nor can it be said that this period of suspension of services, works any noticeable damage to the church going habit. Other active causes affect this habit; which, as every observer, especially in the West, knows, is much weakened by the innumerable distractions and profitable occupations for the mind, which belong to our century, especially in large cities.

To attempt to hold services for a reluctant and scanty congregation, would, in my judgment, have but small effect for good. It is then the part of wisdom to put as much energy into the nine or ten months as can be exercised; and patiently await the slow process of evolution of the place and character of the Sunday service and the church.

Rev. Walter Reid Hunt, minister of the First Unitarian Church, Orange, N. J.:

At this time of the year when many of our churches are making plans for the summer vacation, the comparison regularly appears, to the intended discredit of the church, that the devil never takes a vacation. In all fairness to the churches, to the one who accepts the odium of the comparison and to the devil himself it occurs to me to suggest that it would be better for him and his business if he did.

Suppose, for instance, that the insurance officials had taken a day off now and then; suppose the meat-packers, and the railway officials had kept at it a little less persistently; suppose the political bosses had rested a few weeks in every year; the man-with-the muck rake would have been known only to the readers of Pilgrims Progress, no moral awakening would have ensued, no demand been made for their permanent retirement, their enforced vacation. The undoing of the devil is his persistency. He has many good points, but he is not to be swallowed whole.

The matter of church vacations is best left to the individual denomination and its churches. Each church must settle the question for itself, bearing in mind always the habits and desires of its people, and the work which it is set in the community to do. Different churches may well make different experiments in this and other lines, and each be judged by its fruits

One thing must be borne in mind as an accepted truth. Religion does not die when the church is closed. God can be worshipped in temples not made with hands. A large part of our congregations know this well enough. I believe it to be the part of wisdom for the church as a whole to learn it. Then when the years work is seen as in its entirety, and it is found that the church makes provision for this out of doors rest, recreation, worship, the tide of attendance and interest in the work of the church will be at the flood when it is open and doing business, knowing that provision has been made for its out of doors, as well as for its indoors inspiration.

The problem of church vacations, as I see it, is how to learn to take our vacations, minister and people, together. We all take them; some on one Sunday, some on another. Let the church include the vacation as a part of its established program, and then call upon her sons and daughters to enter into the joy of her life.

There are Tides of the Spirit, We do well to recognize them and be thankful it is so.

Assuredly, he to whose ready speech the sanctities most quickly come, who has no difficulty in running over everlasting things, and never pauses at the awful name, and can coin the words for what is most dear and deep, is not often the most truly devout.—*Martineau.*

"The face of nature is the face of God, and must bear impressions that can influence, though unconsciously, the most ignorant and helpless of his children."—*George MacDonald.*

Our Divinity Schools

Harvard.

Activities at the Harvard Divinity School during May and June in view of the imminent final examinations, were pretty largely confined to regular work. Early in the month, however, some of the men took a day off to attend the annual meeting of the Inter-Seminary Missionary Alliance, held this year at Tuft's Divinity School, (Universalist), West Medford. This organization aims to unite the various theological seminaries about Boston in discussion of home and foreign missionary problems and city settlement work. Its membership includes, besides the two schools already named, Andover Theological Seminary (Congregational) Trinitarian, Boston University School of Theology (Methodist), Newton Theological Institution (Baptist), St. John's Episcopal Theological School, and the Swedenborgian Theological Seminary, the two last named of Cambridge. Each school was represented by a speaker, with a second to lead in discussion. Chuzo Ogawa, of Sendai, Japan, a member of the Junior class, spoke for Harvard on "Missionary Opportunities in Japan," and was followed by Warren S. Archibald, also a Junior. The opportunity of a Christianity which will enter Japan to fulfill and not to destroy was forcibly brought out. Also early in the month the members of the school gathered in the Common Room for the first meeting of the newly organized Divinity Club, and were addressed by Rev. Albert Parker Fitch, the young pastor of Mt. Vernon Church, Boston, on practical questions concerned with the ministry. There was an interesting and general informal discussion.

The School Register for 1906-7 which has just been issued, shows a new lecturer on the teaching staff for next year, to take the place of Professor Ephraim Emerton, who is to be on leave of absence. He is Professor J. W. Platner, of Andover Theological Seminary, formerly attached to the Faculty of the Harvard School. Professor Platner will offer a course during the first half year on Christian Institutions, historically and comparatively considered. He will take up the organization and government, the forms of worship and the doctrinal standards of the principal divisions of the Christian Church, exhibiting not only the common sources from which various legal, liturgical and doctrinal formulas have been developed, but also their present resemblances and differences, thus affording, according to the announcement, a comprehensive survey of the institutional side of modern Christendom. Prof. E. C. Moore will offer a new course on the Philosophy of Religion. Its aim will be to give some account of the direction and issue of formal reflection on Religion during the Nineteenth Century; Religion is in its relation to knowledge; Religion as experience and in relation to other experiences, and Religion as motive and as form of spiritual culture are announced as subjects of treatment. Pfleiderer, Hoffding, Siebeck, Caird and Sabatier will be used. Prof. George F. Moore will revive his course (given three years ago) on Introduction to History of Religions, intended to prepare the way for more advanced work in history and philosophy of religions.

The table of aid given in 1904-5 shows that $1500 was given in scholarships, $100 in prizes and $625 in other forms of aid.

Professors Peabody and E. C. Moore conducted morning prayers in Appleton chapel during May. Rt. Rev. T. D. Jaggar, D. D. of Boston, and Rev. Wilfred D. Robbins, D. D. of New York. were visiting preachers at Sunday evening services. S. B. S.

Pacific Coast.

The Pacific Unitarian School for the Ministry is the name now formally

adopted by the Divinity School established two years ago in California. The founders of the school originally proposed a five years' experiment, and guaranteed its support during that period; but after two years' experience they had come to feel such confidence in its future, that at the time of Dr. Eliot's visit to California in March they took definite steps for its incorporation. Incorporation under the above name was affected on May 12th, and a board of 15 trustees was elected. Rev. Earl M. Wilbur is President of the Board and Dean; Rev. George M. Stone is Vice-President; Mr. W. H. Payson, Sec'y; and Mr. Francis Cutting, Treasurer. Two new instructors have been appointed for the coming year. The school now owns a house at Berkeley which it will occupy after another year; and for the coming year all the instruction will be given at Berkeley. Twelve students have attended lectures the past year, of whom some are regularly matriculated, some special students and some University students who may enter the school later. The library has grown to about 3,600 volumes. The annual reports of the school and the catalogue are now in press, and will be sent to any one desiring them, upon application to Mr. Wilbur at Fourteenth and Castro Sts., Oakland, where the school's office will be located for another year. The exercises of the year were abruptly terminated by the earthquake and San Francisco fire, after which the students devoted themselves to relief work, as was the case with the University. The new year will begin at the middle of August. E. M. W.

Notes From the Field

New York

Arrangements have been made for the residence of a Unitarian minister in this city during July and August, to conduct a simple religious service at the Parish House of All Souls' Church, each Sunday, and to be ready for calls for pastoral services during the week. Rev. Albert W. Clarke has been secured for this service, and may be found at the Unitarian Headquarters (Parish House of All Souls' Church) 104 E. 20th St., every morning except Saturday from ten to one o'clock. The churches in New York and Brooklyn have united in the maintenance of this undertaking.

Our ministers have nearly all taken flight for the summer by this time. Rev. Thos. R. Slicer and his wife sail for Europe July 4.; Rev. Robert Collyer will spend the summer in New England, Rev. and Mrs. John P. Forbes will be at their summer home at Chiltonville, Mass.; Rev. Merle St. Croix Wright and family are at Lake George.

First Unitarian Society, Schenectady, N. Y.
Rev. Chas. P. Lombard, Minister

Rev. Charles P. Lombard who has been the minister for four years, has tendered his resignation, to take effect June 30th. In doing so he has made it clear that it is rendered necessary by the state of his health and not by reason of any desire upon his part to leave the Society because of dissatisfaction with the results of his labors here, but that the Society may have the opportunity to fill the position with a younger and more active man, who can properly carry on the work and the additional burden, which will come with the building of a church. With very great regret the resignation has been accepted. The Society will deeply feel the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Lombard, both of whom have done all that any one could have done in the four years, and under all the existing circumstances.

The project of a church building is taking more definite shape—the site being now paid for in full. Any suggestions or plans for a building, to seat, say 150 and adapted for the general purposes and needs of such a Society, would be duly appreciated.

Church of Our Father, Rutherford, N. J.,
Rev. Elizabeth Padgham, Minister

A very pleasant and profitable lawn sale was given by the Junior Alliance of the Church of Our Father, Saturday afternoon, June 9th, at the residence of one of its members in behalf

of the Fresh Air Fund. The afternoon was intensely hot, and threatenings of a thunder shower rumbled continuously, but people came nevertheless and seemed to enjoy it. An attractive array of fancy articles, all the handwork of the young people of the club filled one table; another was for candy; lemonade could be had at a third, and ice cream and other refreshments abounded. About forty dollars was taken for the good cause so near the hearts of sympathetic people.

First Unitarian Church, Erie, Pa., Rev. Thos. P. Byrnes, Minister

The Unitarian cause has prospered in this city this last year, in all the departments of church life and activities.

This community is a stronghold of Calvinism but still our liberal faith wins its way here in spite of the religious conservatism of the place. The regular congregations this year have been uniformly large, and the interest deep and continuous on the part of the people. We tried the experiment of continuous evening service this last year with marked success. For six months beginning with November and continuing until May, we held evening services with a better average attendance than in the morning, and one notable feature of the evening audience was in the fact that the men predominated.

The press of the city has been very generous in publishing the minister's sermons, two especially, the one on "The God of the Earthquake", and the other on the "Dr. Crapsey Case", created a good deal of public discussion. Among the notable events of the latter part of the year might be mentioned the "Birthday Party", in March at which one hundred and fifty sat down to well laden tables, and on which occasion Rev. M. O. Simons gave a fine address upon "Our Gospel".

A farewell reception for Mrs. Harvey, at the home of Mrs. Byrnes, was a delightful afternoon occasion, at which some forty women attended.

The pastor extended "The Right Hand of Fellowship" to thirty-two new members on Sunday, June 10th.

Church of Our Father, Lancaster, Pa., Rev. Melvin Brandow, Minister

The church was represented at the May Meetings of the American Unitarian Association by Mr. and Mrs. Garvin. Mr. Garvin reports a most interesting visit and has come back full of enthusiasm over what he saw and heard in Boston.

The Strawberry Festival of the Woman's Alliance was held Friday, June 1st, from five to ten P. M. Strawberries, ice cream, cake, candy and lemonade were served.

A lecture on "Spain and Morocco," by Rev. Thomas Van Ness of Boston, was greatly enjoyed by those who were present. The proceeds go the Church Building Fund of the Woman's Alliance.

At the recent election of officers for the Woman's Alliance, the following were chosen to serve for the coming year: Mrs. Brandow, President; Mrs. Arnold, Vice-president; Miss Cooper, Recording Secretary, Mrs. Rehm; Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. Garvin, Treasurer.

Unity Church, Hamilton, Ontario, Can.

Since the resignation of Rev Frederick G. Preston Jan. 1st, Rev. W. Delos Smith of Parkside Church, Buffalo, has been supplying the pulpit of Unity Church, coming over every Sunday afternoon and preaching at night. He has been successful and the members wish to retain him as permanent pastor. The attendance, collections, etc. have greatly increased. Mr. Smith besides being a powerful preacher, possesses a personal magnetism which draws both young and old to him. A meeting of the congregation was held June 6th which was largely attended; a number of people who have been attendants became members in order to have a vote. When Mr. Smith's name was proposed every member voted for him, something unusual, as at every meeting there are those present who do not vote, either through indifference, or because while not actively opposed to the candidate, neither are they really favorable to him.

Unity Church has been struggling against many discouragements. Mr. Smith seems to be the ideal man to make Unity rise phoenix like to become a powerful and prosperous church. He becomes pastor July 1st.

Hamilton is having a great boom as owing to its unequalled electric powers, new industries are locating here all the time, bringing new citizens. With such a large field to draw from Unity should have a share in the boom. As a proof of the popularity of Mr. Smith, every newspaper in the city has given him a cordial welcome in the editorial columns.

Memorial Church, Fairhaven, Mass., Rev. Frank L. Phalen, Minister

Five new windows completing the series of nine windows illustrating the Beatitudes have just been added to the unique church here. They are much admired by lovers of art and add to the beauty and atmosphere of religious aspiration, which characterizes this splendid temple. On Sunday, June 17, when the windows were unveiled under the direction of the artist, Robt. Reid of New York, David Bispham, the famous singer sang a selection from the Oratorio of Elijah and many representative people were present from New York, Boston, Buffalo, Philadelphia and other cities.

Two costly and splendid bronze gates elaborate in design and beautiful in effect are being put in place in the cloister which connects the church and parish house. Strangers from far and near visit Fairhaven every day to admire and enjoy the remarkable buildings of this fortunate town. The church is filled with worshippers at every service many of whom come from afar.

During July and August the minister will spend a part of his vacation in Canada and the Adirondacks.

The preachers for July and August will be: July 1, Rev. Samuel A. Eliot, D. D.; July 8, Rev John Snyder; July 15, Rev. Thomas Van Ness; July 22, Rev. Henry T. Secrist; July 29, Rev. William W. Fenn. August 5, Rev. Samuel A. Eliot, D. D.; August 12, Rev. Augustus M. Lord; August 19, Rev. Charles E. St. John, August 26, Rev. Frank K. Freeston, London, England.

First Parish, Dorchester, Mass., Rev. Eugene R. Shippen, Minister

On Sunday, June 17th, the 276th anniversary of the founding of the church in Dorchester was appropriately observed. Rev. S. T. Barrows of New York, formerly pastor of the church, occupied the pulpit with the minister and gave, with his characteristic brilliancy and vigor, an address on the out-look for the future. An historical retrospect was given by Mr. Shippen. After the services an opportunity was offered to meet Mr. Barrows and to emphasize the affectionate regards of his old parishioners.

During Mr. Shippen's vacation the services will be taken by several ministers of note in the denomination.

The Sunday School under Mr. C. B. Humphreys, has closed after an unusually satisfactory and prosperous season.

A christening service was held on June 10th.

First Cong'l Society, Leominster, Mass., Rev. F. J. Gauld, Minister

A notable meeting was held in the vestry of this church June 15, when three notes covering the entire indebtedness of the church ($10,000) were burned in the presence of the congregation. Addresses were made by Mr. W. T. Garvin, chairman of the Parish Committee, Mr. Hamilton Mayo, who acted as toast master with much wit and grace, Mrs. Juliette Yeau, W. H. Burpee of Stirling, C. H. Rice, Hon. George F. Morse and the Rev. F. J. Gauld. In a sense, (and a very good sense) the whole affair "ended in smoke", as the Treasurer, Mr. Ames, applied the match to the cancelled notes.

Pilgrim Church, Attleboro, Mass., Rev. John H. Applebee, Minister

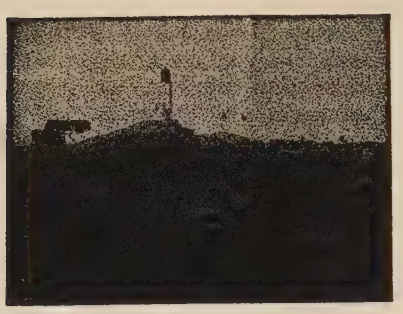
Pilgrim Church, Attleboro, Mass., (Independent) on June 24, made its first move in the direction of a church edifice. At a meeting held at the close of the morning service, the society decided to purchase a lot of land in one of the most desirable locations in the town. This decision was instantly followed by a subscription of $3000 towards the payment.

Rev. J. H. Applebee, the pastor, has labored hard and sacrificed much for this church during the past year, and to show its appreciation it has given him a vacation until September.

Third Unitarian Church, Chicago, Ill., Rev. Fred Alban Weil, Minister

Twelve joined the church on Covenant Sunday, June 3. The special service used contains the statement which appears weekly upon the first page of the church calendar: "Love is the spirit of this church and service is its law. This is our great covenant, to dwell together in peace, to seek the truth in love and to help one another."

Men in deep reverence do not talk to one another, but remain with hushed mind side by side. Each one feels, though he cannot tell how how it is, that words limit what faith declares unlimited; that they divide and break to pieces what it comprehends and embraces as a whole; that they reduce to successive propositions what it adores as a simultaneous and everlasting reality.—*Martineau.*



A Week of Psalms of the Larger Faith

Selected from the Poems of Celia Thaxter

[By the permissions of and under special arrangement with the Houghton, Mifflin Co., publishers of Mrs. Thaxter's Poems.]

SUNDAY.

Faith.

Fain would I hold my lamp of life aloft
  Like yonder tower built high above the reef;
Steadfast, though tempests rave or winds blow soft,
  Clear, though the sky dissolve in tears of grief.

For darkness passes, storms shall not abide:
  A little patience and the fog is past.
After the sorrow of the ebbing tide
  The singing flood returns in joy at last.

The night is long and pain weighs heavily,
  But God will hold his world above despair,
Look to the East where up the lurid sky
  The morning climbs! The day shall yet be fair!

MONDAY.

Rock Weeds.

The barren island dreams in flowers, while blow
  The south winds, drawing haze o'er sea and land:
Yet the great heart of ocean, throbbing slow,
  Makes the frail blossoms vibrate where they stand;

And hints of heavier pulses soon to shake
  Its mighty breast when summer is no more,
And devastating waves sweep on and break,
  And clasp with girdle white the iron shore.

Close folded, safe within the sheltering seed,
  Blossom and bell and leafy beauty hide;
Nor icy blast, nor bitter spray they heed,
  But patiently their wondrous change abide.

The heart of God through His creation stirs,
  We thrill to feel it, trembling as the flowers
That die to live again,—His messengers,
  To keep faith firm in these sad souls of ours.

The waves of Time may devastate our lives,
  The frosts of age may check our failing breath,
They shall not touch the spirit that survives
  Triumphant over doubt and pain and death.

TUESDAY.

The Sandpiper.

Across the narrow beach we flit,
  One little sandpiper and I,
And fast I gather, bit by bit,
  The scattered driftwood bleached and dry.
The wild waves reach their hands for it,
  The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,
As up and down the beach we flit,—
  One little sandpiper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds
  Scud black and swift across the sky;
Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds
  Stand out the white light-houses high.
Almost as far as eye can reach
  I see the close-reefed vessels fly,
As fast we flit along the beach,—
  One little sandpiper and I.

I watch him as he skims along
  Uttering his sweet and mournful cry.
He starts not at my fitful song,
  Or flash of fluttering drapery.
He has no thought of any wrong;
  He scans me with a fearless eye,
Staunch friends are we, well tried and strong,
  The little sandpiper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night
  When the loosed storm breaks furiously?
My driftwood fire will burn so bright!
  To what warm shelter canst thou fly?
I do not fear for thee, though wroth
  The tempest rushes through the sky:
For are we not God's children both,
  Thou, little sandpiper, and I?

WEDNESDAY.

Morning Glories.

O bells of triumph! delicate trumpets, thrown
Heavenward and earthward, turned east, west, north, south,
In lavish beauty, who through you has blown
This sweet cheer of the morning with calm mouth?

'Tis God who breathes the triumph; He who wrought
The tender curves, and laid the tints divine
Along the lovely lines; the Eternal Thought
That troubles all our lives with wise design.

Yea, out of pain and death His beauty springs,
And out of doubt a deathless confidence:
Though we are shod with leaden cares, our wings
Shall lift us yet out of our deep suspense!

Thou great Creator! pardon us who reach
For other heaven beyond this world of thine,
This matchless world, where thy least touch do h teach
Thy solemn lessons clearly, line on line.

And help us to be grateful, we who live
Such sordid, fretful lives of di content,
Nor see the sunshine nor the flower, nor strive
To find the love thy bitter chastening meant.

THURSDAY.

Wild Geese.

A far, strange sound through the night,
A dauntless and resolute cry.
Clear in the tempest's despite,
Ringing so wild and so high!

Pushing their perilous way,
Buffeted, beaten, and vexed;
Steadfast by night and by day,
Weary, but never perplexed;

Sure that the land of their hope
Waits beyond tempest and dread,
Sure that the dark where they grope
Shall glow with the morning red!

Clangor that pierces the storm
Dropped from the gloom of the sky!
I sit by my hearth-fire warm
And thrill to that purposeful cry.

Strong as a challenge sent out,
Rousing the timorous heart
To battle with fear and with doubt,
Courageously bearing its part.

O birds in the wild, wild sky!
Would I could so follow God's way
Through darkness, unquestioning why
With only one thought—to obey!

FRIDAY.

Courage.

Because I hold it sinful to despond,
And will not let the bitterness of life
Blind me with burning tears, but look beyond
Its tumult and its strife;

Because I lift my head above the mist,
Where the sun shines and the broad breezes blow,
By every ray and every rain-drop kissed
That God's love doth bestow;

Think you I find no bitterness at all?
No burden to be borne, like Christian's pack?
Think you there are no ready tears to fall
Because I keep them back?

Why should I hug life's ills with cold reserve,
To curse myself and all who love me? Nay!
A thousand times more good than I deserve
God gives me every day.

And in each one of these rebellious tears
Kept bravely back, He makes a rainbow shine;
Grateful I take his slightest gift, no fears
Nor any doubts are mine.

Dark skies must clear, and when the clouds are past,
One golden day redeems a weary year;
Patient I listen, sure that sweet at last
Will sound His voice of cheer.

Then vex me not with chiding. Let me be.
I must be glad and grateful to the end.
I grudge you not your cold and darkness,—me
The powers of light befriend.

SATURDAY.

The Swallow.

O happy creature! what stirs thee so?
A spark of the gladness of God thou art.
Why should we seek to find and to know
The secret of thy heart?

Before the gates of his mystery
Trembling we knock with an eager hand;
Silent behind them waiteth He;
Not yet may we understand.

But thrilling throughout the universe
Throbs the pulse of His mighty will,
Till we gain the knowledge of joy or curse
In the choice of good or ill.

He looks from the eyes of the little child,
And searches souls with their gaze so clear;
To the heart some agony makes wild
He whispers, "I am here."

He smiles in the face of every flower;
In the swallow's titer of sweet content
He speaks, and we follow through every hour
The way His deep thought went.

Here should be courage and hope and faith;
Nought has escaped the trace of His hand;
And a voice in the heart of His silence saith,
One day we shall understand.

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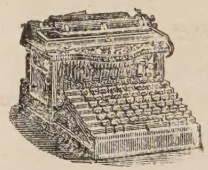

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